

one bird
now spins music hops just 10
years old again & glad & glad
London '67
in the Round house round place
bird
bird
will you burn

-- Thomas Fitzsimmons

Rochester, Michigan

WATCHING THE BOOKS ONE DAY AT JIM LOWELLS BAR
AND INTO THE PLACE THEY CAME RUNNING

with hoses fifty yards long the firemen came running
they came with the small guarded eyes of men
who want to save others from fire and
into the place with jingling galoshes they came
and pressed back through the smoke
as if it were petals of death, looking for the fire
which was not to be found
which was concealed somewhere like a red rose
whining in a bottle, and all the old men
sat silently at the bar with nowhere else to go
and around all their shoulders had fallen
the blue mantle of not caring... the backs of
many heads growing vague like things
in a garden of hell, and the firemen
began to notice that they were not alone,
they screamed at the old men to get their asses moving
they grabbed whole shoulders and shook them
to open the eyes of dead children
and one by one the old men went,
reluctant, the silhouettes of birds
leaving a summer country, the night going away
over hills and hills, until the bar
was empty and the firemen returned
to put out the fire, and one old
man with legs as determined as
trees walked back in to finish his drink